

Poor Robin's Dream; Commonly called, Poor Charity.

I know no Reason, but this harmless Riddle,
May as well be Printed, as Sung to a Fiddle.

To a compleat Tune, well known by Musicians, and many otherse Or, Game at Cards.



How now good fellows, what all amozt?
I pray thee tell me what is the Petos,
Trading is dead, and I am sorry forr,
which makes me look worse than I use, penny,
If a man hath no employment whereby to get a
he hath no enjoyment if that he wanteth money,
And Charity is not used by any.

I have nothing to spend, nor I've nothing to lend,
I've nothing to do, I carry at home,
Sitting in my Chair, drawing near to the fire,
I fell into a sleep like an idle drone:
And as I slept, I fell into a dream,
I see a Play acted without e're a Team,
But I could not tell what the Play did mean.

But afterwards I did perceive,
and something more I did understand;
The Stage was the World wherein we live,
the Actors they were all mankind. (King,
And when the Play's ended, the Stage down they
then there will be no difference in this thing,
Between a Beggar and a King.

The first that acted I protest,
was time with a Glass and Wicke in his hand,
With the Globe of the World upon his breast,
to shew that he could the same command:
There's a time for to work, & a time for to play,
a time for to borrow, and a time for to pay,
And a time that doth call us all away.

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Conscience in order takes his place,
 and very gallantly plays his part;
 He fears not to rise in a Rulers face,
 although it cuts him to the heart:
 He tells him that all this is the latter Age,
 Which put the Actors into such a rage,
 That they kick'd poor Conscience off the stage.

Plainly Dealing presently appears,
 in habit like a simple man:
 The Actors at him mock and sear;
 pointing their fingers as they ran:
 How came this fellow into our company?
 away with him many a Gallant did cry,
 For Plain-Dealing will a Beggar dye.

Disimulation mounted the Stage,
 but he was clothed in Gallant attire;
 He was acquainted with Youth and Age,
 many his company did desire;
 They entertain'd him in their very breast,
 There he could have harbour, and quietly rest,
 For Dissemblers and Turn-coats love the best.

Then cometh in poor Charity,
 methinks she looked wondrous old,
 She quiver'd and she quak'd most piteously,
 it giv'd me to think she was grown so cold
 She had been 'th' City, and in the Country,
 Amongst the Lawyers and Nobility,
 But there was no room for poor Charity.

Then comes in Truth, not clothed in Mood,
 but like unto youth in his white Lam Sleeves
 And says the Land it is full, full, full,
 too full of Rebels, worse than Thieves. (pide
 The City's full of Poverty, the French are full of
 Phanaticks full of Envy, which order can't abide
 And the Murders bags are full beside.

Hark how Bellona's Drums they do beat,
 methinks they go rattling through the Town
 Hark how they thunder through the street,
 as though they would shake the Chimneys down
 Then comes in Mars, the great God of War,
 And bids us face about, and be as we were,
 But when I wak'd I sat in my Chair.

Printed for R. D. and W. D.